SOME WHITE HYACINTHS.

Go to my sweet for me, flowers, and repeat for me
All that my heart would cry out o'er the waste to her.
Pause in the valley not; on the hill dally not;
Winged with my love and my longing—oh, haste to her!

Ring your white bells for her—(not any knells for her)—
Chimes that are fragrant and rich in their rarity.
Bid her be leal to me, loyal as steel to me;
Bid her have faith in me; bid her have charity!

—Clinton Scollard in Harper's Bazar.

INTERRUPTED.

At about 9 in the evening a man turned the corner of Madison avenue and Sixty-third street, walked slowly along the block, then pausing glanced at a row of handsome houses which stood in their sameness, dark and stately, selected the third, mounted the high steps and authoritatively rang the bell.

It was early spring, the air was soft, the night still, and the sharp clang echoed for a moment before the door was opened by a trim waiting maid. The moonlight revealed to this maid a boyish looking fellow, who held carefully in both hands a flowerpot containing a most beautiful azalea in the full bloom of its pink blossoms. The maid involuntarily smiled as she saw the lovely flower, and the smile was answered by an engaging one from the young man.

"Is Mrs. Courtland at home?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Courtland?"

"No, sir. They are at the theater."

An expression of disappointment crossed the youth's face, and he hesitated as if puzzled.

"Won't you step in?"

After an instant's pause the man did so, threw a comprehensive glance about him and said, "I promised to deliver this plant to Mrs. Courtland herself, but it's a long way up, and I believe I'll leave it."

He had one of those pathetic voices in which there is an unconscious appeal, and this, together with his frank blue eye and pleasant manner, created sympathy for his disappointment in the maid's heart. So she received the plant carefully from him and was about to place it on a hall chair when the man gently interposed, "Excuse me; I'd rather you'd put it in a safer place."

"Surely," and as the plant was heavy the maid went slowly down the long hall, turning her back completely. The man dropped a card on the chair, pushed the door to with a loud slam, and with astonishing agility and lightness sprang up the staircase, disappearing before her return.

"Well, he might ha' waited," she muttered, throwing the card into the silver salver, and the man, who paused in the hall above, heard her descend into the basement.

He smiled, listened, stepped into the dimly lighted library, passed through two dressing rooms into the bedroom beyond, turned up the gas slightly, and with a lightning glance took in the apartment and its appointments. As he had calculated, the room was prepared for the night, so he ran little chance of being disturbed.

He touched nothing until he caught sight of a gray coat thrown carelessly over a chair. This he seized, thrust his hand into the inside pocket and drew forth with evident satisfaction a letter, which, hastily examining, he kept. He then replaced the coat with precision, lowered the light, listened intently and prepared to descend, when the click of a night key was heard in the lock.

The owners of the house had returned.

A pause. Footsteps on the stairs. Double portieres draped the doors. He slipped between them.

Mrs. Courtland entered, turned up the light and with negligent grace threw off a long opera wrap, revealing that she was a beautiful woman in full evening dress, tall, slight, blond. For a full minute she gazed at herself reflected in the cheval glass, then discontentedly sat down before it and commenced unclasping the ornaments from dress and hair and arms.

A well built man with a plain face and fine carriage entered and stood silently regarding her.

"Tired, Gertrude?" Mr. Courtland asked kindly.

"No."

"Sick?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Bored; so bored."

"Why not have gone to the opera?"

"I have heard 'Lohengrin' until I hate it."

"Gertrude," tenderly, "you are not unhappy? You love me?"

"Yes," indifferently.

"Then what troubles you?"

"Nothing. Everything is so tedious. I am weary of people, weary of clothes, weary of myself."

"And weary of me?"

His wife did not answer, perhaps did not hear.

Mr. Courtland pondered intently, looking at her curiously as she unwound a long scarf from her throat. Suddenly he crossed the room, and taking up the gray coat put his hand into one of the pockets.

"Where is that letter?"

"What letter?" asked his wife, startled by the sharp tone of his voice.

"The letter I left in the pocket of this coat."

The man behind the portieres started.

"I saw no letter," replied Mrs. Courtland, rising.

"You have stolen it!" his voice increasing in harshness as with mechanical courtesy he handed her the scarf she let fall.

"Richard!"

"Stolen it, I say!"

He was a powerful man. His brow grew heavy, his dark eyes glowed, his hands trembled, he looked brutal, and as he strode up to his wife the woman shrank.

"Richard, what is it? Why are you so strange?"

The man concealed became intensely interested.

Mr. Courtland, seizing his wife's arms, forced her down before him.

"Give it up," he spoke thickly.

"Richard, I swear I do not understand you."

"Give it up," he reiterated.

"Heaven help me! He will kill me"—for her husband suddenly made a menacing movement, as though to seize her throat.

"Stop!" And with excitement the man burst out from behind the portieres.

The three attitudinized in amazed silence.

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Courtland.

The man hesitated, then answered simply, "Jonas Crane."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Courtland, "take care. He may be armed."

The young man smiles. "I should think, ma'am," he said quietly, "you'll be more afraid of him than me. If I hadn't 'a' thought he'd hurt you, I'd never given myself away."

Mrs. Courtland looked bewildered. In her surprise she had forgotten her husband's anger.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Well," he replied respectfully, "I'd as lief not say."

"Yes, but you must say. You are not a thief?"

"No'm."

"Well, then, what?" asked Mr. Courtland.

"Well, sir," said the youth cheerfully, "I work for Boyton"—naming a swell tailor—"and before he sent your suit home he wore it courtin his lady friend and left a letter in it. It was not the kind of a letter," looking down modestly, "for others to see, and I undertook to get it without lettin you know he'd wore your clothes, but I got rattled when you seemed so mad. The letter wasn't any use to you, was it?"

"Yes, Richard, what made you so angry?"

"Gertrude," answered her husband. "I expected to find no letter. I was giving a lesson in realism. It was a pretense—a little bit of acting to cure my wife's ennui."

"Then you was actin, sir," said Jonas doubtfully. "I'm thinkin it'll be for our mutual advantage to say nothin of all this. Good evening, ma'am," and with a polite little bow Jonas Crane walked down stairs, and they heard him shut the front door softly behind him.

"Well, Gertrude," said Mr. Courtland hopefully, "was the end of your evening successful? If it pleases you, tomorrow I'll try something in the comic line—do a little dance, dally with the scenic or dip into melodrama."

His wife, rousing herself, gave a regretful sigh.

"It was very interesting, Richard, very, but"—looking up to him with a shadow in the lovely eyes—"I wish I had read that letter."—Anne Nettleton in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Bacteria In Tobacco.

There seems to be no end to the discoveries that await us concerning bacteria, and the relations of those microscopic organisms to the well being of man. Who would ever have thought that the peculiar flavors which characterize different kinds or brands of tobacco are due to the presence of bacteria? Yet that is the conclusion to which investigations by a German botanist lead.

In curing tobacco, or preparing the raw, green leaf for use, a fermentative process called sweating is gone through with.

It has been supposed that the chemical changes induced by this process were the source of the peculiar qualities possessed by the cured tobacco. But, according to Suchsland's experiments, it appears that micro-organisms may be the real cause of the changes.

He has examined tobacco from all parts of the world which had been cured and has found in it an abundance of micro-organisms, and upon cultivating the bacteria from a particular kind of tobacco and then inoculating another kind with this culture he has produced in it the taste and aroma of the original.

This discovery has led to the suggestion that the quality of tobacco grown in any country may be improved by simply inoculating it with bacteria from some finer flavored leaf growing elsewhere. Wines have already been improved by a similar process.—Youth's Companion.

Trouble With a Sword.

A Lewiston young man who was in Portland Saturday night found some antique Turkish swords in a window on Congress street, and having a love for art bought one for ornamental purposes and asked that the clerk do it up in paper. Before he had gone half a block the paper came off. The young man was waiting for the Boston boat to start. He carried the sword about the streets till people began to comment upon it. Then he hid it under his ulster and was standing on the corner talking when it slipped down, striking on his toe with the sharp point. He picked it up again and hid it under his coat.

When he got into the theater, he was about to be seated when he thought of the sword under his coat. He could not sit down until that sword came out, so unbuttoning the coat he held the sword in his lap all the evening. At midnight when he went on board the boat one of the officers saw the sword and said, "You may leave your valuables with the purser."—Bangor Commercial.

Undemocratic France.

As a matter of fact Frenchmen are about the least democratic people in the world in their social longings and ideals. France is politically a republic, but socially it keeps up most of the characteristics of an aristocracy. The difference between her and America in this respect is prodigious. In the United States it is impossible to find a man with a decoration; in France it is difficult to find anybody without one. In spite of the revolution titles are still maintained, and the highest ambition of every bourgeois would be satisfied if he could marry his daughter to a nobleman. The insatiable thirst to put on a uniform of some kind, no matter what, has often been used as a reproach against our Gallic friends.—London Telegraph.

About the Spelling of Words.

The Springfield Republican has adopted the disagreeable trick of spelling certain familiar words ending in "gue" without their full complement of letters. In reviewing a new book a few days ago it says, for instance, "The author excels in bright and amusing dialog," etc. It always fatigs us to see such vulgar liberties taken with our native tong, and we think it as much of a crime for a literary man to cut off the end of a word as for a rog to cut off the end of a pig's tail, for instance. Form is to all printed language what brog is to the speech of the Irishman, and a plag, we say, be on the man who would deprive either of its natural charms.—Charleston News and Courier.

A Novelist Turns.

D. Christie Murray, the English novelist, turns on his critics in a brief note to a London paper to demonstrate that truth is stranger than fiction. Of a reviewer's charge that an episode in one of his novels was "wholly incredible," Mr. Murray says: "I got that story on the spot and had full proof of its accuracy. In fact, I built the novel on that genuine bit of history which your reviewer thinks incredible."

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

APRIL - - 1893.

MAY - - - 1893.

Table of Contents for June.